ODE.

DE

SENECTVTE.

AD

AMICVM D. ROGERVM LONG,

APVD CANTABRIGIENSES,
AVLAE CVSTODEM PEMBROKIANAE,
THEOLOGVM, ASTRONOMVM,
DOCTISSIMVM, IVCVNDISSIMVM,
ANNVM NONAGESIMVM AGENTEM
SCRIPTA.

ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA.
AB AMICO, D. GVLIELMO BROWNE,
ANNVM AGENTE FERE OCTOGESIMVM.

Frui paratis, et valido mihi,
Latoë, dones, et, precor, integra
Cum mente: nec turpem ſenectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem. HOR.

Grant, Phoebus, to injoy my Fees,
With Body ſound, and Mind at eaſe:
An Old-age, ſuch as I deſire,
Nor Joyleſs, nor without a Lyre.

LONDINI,
MDCCLXX.

O D E.

FELIX SENECTVS, cui Sapientiam
Debemus hanc, quam *quaerimus invidi:*
Quis te recuſaret propinquam,
Et tumulum potius rogaret?

* *Sphaerae* Senectus eſt ſimilis tuae:
In quam Studentes venimus inſcii,
Brevi ſedentes, et notantes,
Sidera cuncta docere gnari.

Docet Senectus; Quae facimus Viri,
Utcumque docti, *En! Omnia Vanitas!*
Exinde Caelum optans beatum,
Spernit humum fugiente penna.

Ridet

O D E.

HAPPY OLD-AGE, *to whom we owe*
All that the ſearching Mind *can know:*
Who would not wiſh, for Thee to come,
In preference to the ſilent Tomb?

Old-age is like your curious * Sphaere:
Ignorant Students enter here,
Soon, while they ſit, and notice take,
With ev'ry Star acquaintance make.

Old Men by long Experience ſee,
All our Acts, here, are Vanity!
Therefore on Heav'n their hopes they found,
And fly with ſcorn, this Fairy-Ground.

LIBRARY

* A concave Caeleſtial Sphaere, large enough to ſit in, for his Aſtronomical Pupils.

It

Ridet Senectus, dum videt aemulos
Tanta petentes ſolicitudine
Fortuna Quae dat, cum mutatae
Tam celeres quatiantur alae.

Stultum videtur, Judice Tullio,
Magnam Senes portare Pecuniam:
Cum Paululum reſtet Viarum,
Anne Viatico opus ſit Amplo?

Nodo ſed iſti *non opus Oedipo*,
Levi quidem conamine ſolvitur:
Cum nil Senes quaerant emendum,
In loculis Pretium manebit.

Hujus ſed Vſum quaere Pecuniae?
Hic Vſus eſt, *Incommoda ſuppleat:*
Aetate Quem ſpernunt, onuſtum
Sat cito proſequerentur Auro.

Aurum

It makes Old-age with pleaſure ſmile,
To ſee how anxiouſly Men toil,
For Fortune's Gifts, which rarely ſtay;
But fly with rapid Wings away.

Tully eſteems it moſt abſurd,
That Old Men ſhou'd with Wealth be ſtor'd:
To journey's end when come ſo near,
A Trifle will their Charges bear.

But to untie this doubty Knot,
An Oedipus is needed not:
Since Old Men nothing want to buy,
Safe, in the purſe, the Price muſt lie.

But *What Uſe from this wealth can riſe?*
Why this, It ev'ry Want ſupplies:
If you're deſpis'd, for being Old,
You'll ſoon be worſhip'd, for your Gold.

Gold

Aurum potens eſt Omnia Reddere!
Scriptura narrans creditur Omnibus:
Si Dives es, Omne es; vetuſtum hoc,
Continet Arca Iovem potentem.

Nobis Senectus diſſimili modo
Colenda: Nos fiamus *Amabiles*,
Vt Gaudiis noſtris *Amemur*,
Laetitiaque beemur Omnes.

Senex nimis quis diſcere creditur?
Tanto pateſcat cum Sapientia:
Campo hoc patenti ſagaces,
Perpetuo Leporem ſequemur.

Si ſumat iſthaec Conſilium meum,
Morbum * *Senectam* Fabula ne vocet:
Medela cum fiat Malorum,
Stultitae, Vitiique Mentis.

* Terentii Phormio, Act. IV. Sc. 1. v. 9.

FINIS.

Gold anſwers All Things! *Scripture ſays*;
A Text much follow'd in our Days:
If Rich, you're All; *'tis the old Teſt,*
You find a Jove, in ev'ry Cheſt.

Be our Age differently approv'd,
Be Amiable to be Belov'd:
With All, this juſt Remark will hold,
Mirth, and Goodnature ne'er grow Old.

To Learn, what Man can be too Old?
Science no Boundaries can hold:
In this wide Field, we Sportſmen *are,*
And ev'ry Day will ſtart a Hare.

The * Fable, *if my Thought might pleaſe,*
Shou'd not call Old-age a Diſeaſe:
Since 'tis a Cure for Ills, *we find,*
For Vice, and Folly of the Mind.

END.

ERRATUM, In Ode Ad Moysaevm. Pro Moysaevm lege Moyseivm.